

The Beauty Who Likes Only Ugly Men

Peggy Kurton Tells of the Flaws in Masculine Comeliness and Why She Has No Time to Waste on Very Good Looking Men



Charming Miss Kurton in Another Pose.



Paul Swan, Known as the "Most Beautiful Man," Whose Pulchritude Has No Charms for Miss Kurton.



Miss Peggy Kurton, the Blue-Eyed English Beauty, Who Explains Here Her Extremely Individual Ideas on Masculine Attractiveness.

If a vote were taken to decide who is the prettiest girl on the English stage, Peggy Kurton, they say, would be victorious. Raymond Hitchcock's fiancée in "Mr. Manhattan," the musical comedy success at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, London, she is the blue-eyed, fair-haired favorite of countless cavaliers, most of whom in real life are eager to win her hand. "Ah, but to succeed with me you should be much uglier and more fascinating," is what she tells them all. Just as Polaire created a vogue for the ugly woman, so Peggy Kurton threatens to create a vogue for ugly men. Here she tells why.

By Peggy Kurton.

THERE is something for me almost inexplicably fascinating about an ugly man. It is uncanny. The uglier a man is the more I like him. This is no new symptom. It developed long before I played my present part in "Mr. Manhattan." All my friends have known of my penchant for freak male faces for years. Often I am held spellbound—almost hypnotized—in the presence of a man many people might consider perfectly hideous!

Although I am only twenty-one, I have seen enough of life to believe in the ugly man—not merely to believe in him, but to

trust and admire him in preference to the man who is simply good-looking. The ugly man is far more likely to be endowed with that almost indefinable quality we call fascination than the masculine biped who is only a male beauty.

Doesn't a pretty woman have enough of prettiness in her own attractions without wishing to confront it in a man's face across the breakfast table? Surely temperament, cleverness and force of will are infinitely more suited to a man who is really a man than features of classic mold. I don't think any pretty woman in her heart wants a pretty man. A thousand times, no!

While an ugly man may have a fascinating personality, his ugliness may be a fascination in itself. Of course, there are degrees of ugliness. The kind which suggests determination or brain power, coupled with sex, is irresistible, and would defeat a rival, where I am concerned, with the beauty of an Adonis. My ideal ugly man must be charming, though, and rather amusing. Part of his fascination would certainly lie in his genuine attachment to the things to which I am attached.

For example, I like horses, dogs and flowers. I adore sailing. Could he very

well do less? My tastes are reasonable. His also should be reasonable, and, above all, similar.

If there were a Cyrano de Bergerac alive and at large in London, I think I should love him for his ugliness. He would have to become my fiancé! And yet all through Rostand's play the poor fellow complains of his enormous nose!

But what must my fiancé be? I am fond of American boys and English men. To please me, males from twenty to thirty years old must be American. After thirty, they must be English.

One reason why I like American boys better than any others is due to their complete freedom from shyness, awkwardness of mind, or other evidence of the "half-baked" stage of masculine development. They are men with the souls of boys. Full of "go," they seem to eclipse anything of the same age we produce in England. After thirty, my American boy is disposed to suddenly become serious and charged with affairs, his own business affairs.

In the Englishman from thirty up the passion for business is never so acute or so engrossing. He may become a member of Parliament and dabble in affairs of State, but his personal state of affairs doesn't worry him much. He is content to be amusing and to be amused.

In England army officers, by the way, generally have a better time than naval officers. They are much more blasé, as they are often about town. The ones in the navy are jollier, as their outbursts of gaiety are not possible except at long intervals.

My fiancé—off the stage I have not got one at present!—must be dark and Spanish-looking—he must be as dark as an onion-seller and as charming as a grandee! He will also have to be ugly! I don't want you to think that ugliness is always ugly. It may in a way be beautiful, as it attracts or fascinates. Take Polaire—la plus belle laide de

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France. Men go mad about her. Isn't it quite reasonable also for women to go mad over certain ugly men?

When I do see the man I want to marry I will just introduce him to every pretty girl I know and beg him to take one after another out to supper! That is the way to hold a male in a grip of mail—yes, in a mailed fist!

I get proposals of marriage by every post. Often they even take the shape of telegrams, to say nothing of telephone messages. The other night I received a note from a man who offered to settle \$10,000 a year on me—for life—if I would have supper with him! Imagine such frenzied impatience! At such a rate he would have wanted to be married to

me after breakfast! He gave me directions in his note to look for him in a certain box at the theatre. I did! Alas, he was very handsome! So I didn't like him—his courtship began and ended with the offer!

When I was in New York I knew six of the dearest boys imaginable. We used to

allow her fiancé to be fickle. One thing I can say! No fiancé of mine could ever be fickle. If he were, you see, he would cease to be my fiancé! There is not a scrap of use falling on a man's neck and saying you love him madly. It serves the purpose of the novelist and the dramatist, but it is no good to an actress—off the stage. An actress has a heart just like anybody else; still, she must have a head, too.

To win a declaration pour le bon motif, you have to give the man as much tackle as a fifty-pound salmon! Let him take the bait in his mouth and dive into the depths, up and down stream, and all over the place. When he gets tired, wind up your reel and land him at your leisure.

I assert that the ugly man should become a popular institution, a principle, a habit—in short, a necessity. He is not so spoilt as the handsome hero who trades on his looks. He is less "off-hand," more assiduous, and his manners are always more charming, for he depends upon them to a certain extent to make headway to a pretty woman's heart!

From what I have written, you might think I had nothing to occupy my time except fiancés and admirers. I have, though, distinctly. For instance, I have ambition. I want to act for the cinema in California, the wonderful land beyond the prairies and the mountains. I have never been there, yet I feel its loveliness intuitively.

Americans from all parts of the United States have been my good, hospitable friends, and I am very fond of them as a race. I know some Chicago people who are intensely charming. New Yorkers as a body are like their own great city—cosmopolitan and delightful.

My present fiancé—no, not in real life, merely on the stage!—is an American. Raymond Hitchcock is an ideal comedy lover, because he is not good-looking! He is just as popular in London as he is across the ocean. I expect "Mr. Manhattan" will last for an age yet. Every one seems to think so.

I love antiques. If you are still interested in my tastes. But whether you are or not, my fiancé will have to be—which, in this case, means that he must become a connoisseur in all old things! There is one possession, which is not an antique, I want this wonderful man to get for me: A string of pink pearls! Yes, I am mad about pink—rose-pink—paris. The string will cost about \$300,000.

I think it is absurd for any fiancée to

How We Can Afford to Scratch 50,000 Matches a Second

THE first Lucifer or friction matches date back to 1829. They were made and dipped by hand, and sold for a little over two dollars per hundred. To-day the same quantity may be bought for a couple of cents, or even less. This cheapness is due to the fact that all matches are made, and most of them are dipped by machinery.

In making matches by one process, a cylinder of pine wood the length of seven matches, which has been soaked in water to make it tough, is placed in a sort of lathe and as it revolves the circumference comes in contact with a sharp blade which cuts off a continuous shaving the thickness of a match. As this shaving comes away from the log it is cut into seven strips, each as wide as a match is long. These ribbons are cut into lengths of about eight feet, and one hundred and twenty or so are piled on top of each other, and fed into a cutting machine, which cuts as many splints at each stroke as there are ribbons in the pile.

Rapid as this process of making splints is, it has been displaced in America by another method in which very little hand-work is required. In this case the raw material is received at the factory in the shape of a two-inch white pine plank. This is sawed into blocks the length of the match.

The blocks are then fastened, by means of clamps, to the bed of a machine, and

cutters groove out a set of splints from the surface. The cutters do not turn the entire surface into splints at one impact, but cut them out one-fourth of an inch apart. The ridges left between the places from which the first set of splints was cut, are then worked up, and so on until the whole block is consumed.

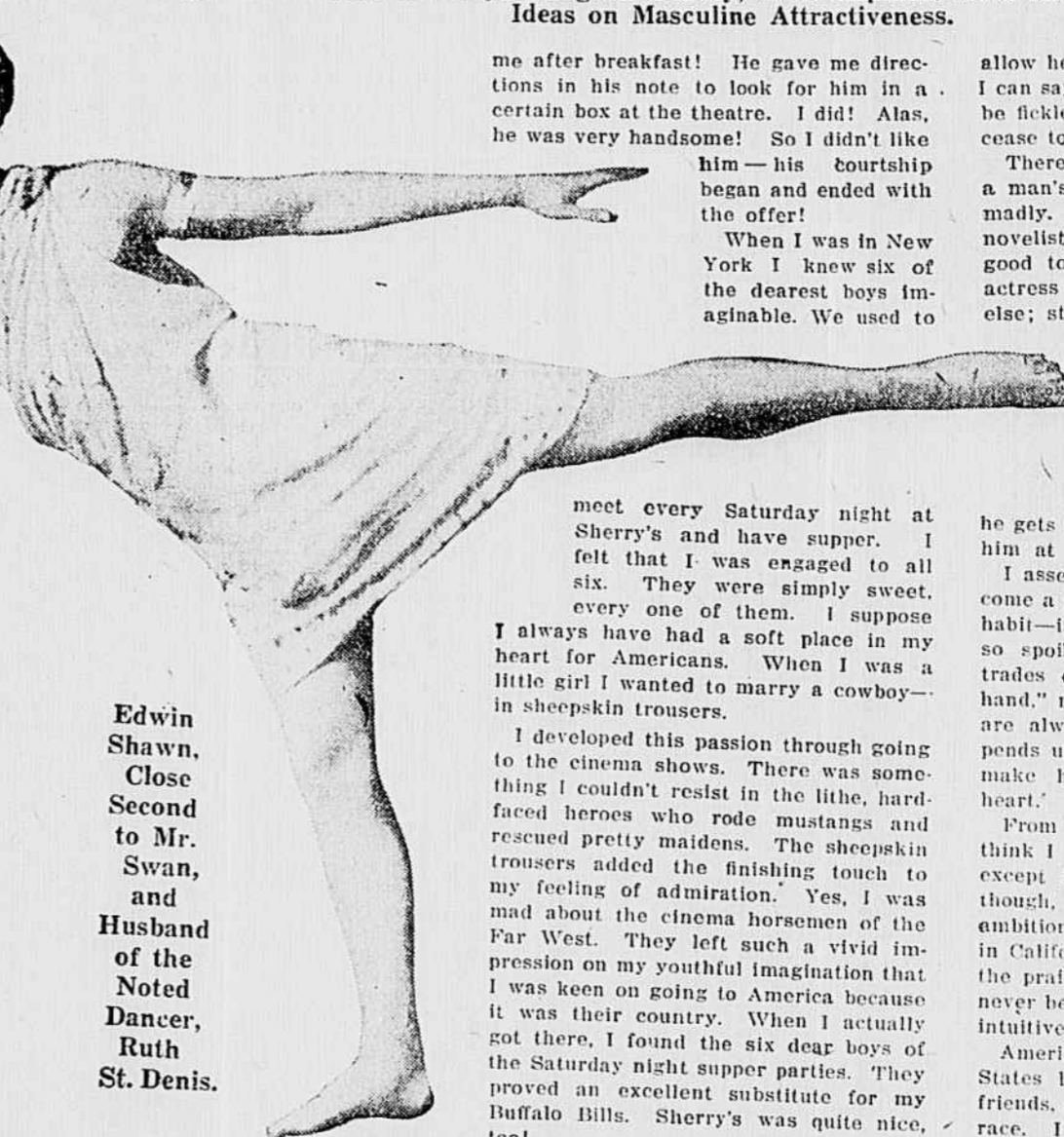
As soon as the splints are separated from the block they are seized in iron clamp plates, which form an endless chain. The endless chain carries the splints across a steam-heated drum, which warms them nearly to the temperature of the paraffin, into which they are next dipped.

From the paraffin bath the splints move on continuously to the rollers that carry the "heating mixture"—phosphorus, chlorate of potash, etc.—and, as the matches are carried past the rollers each one receives a red or blue head, as the case may be. From the rollers they continue on through a room swept by a blast of cold, dry air.

The matches move on until, just before they reach the starting point again, an automatic punch thrusts the matches out and places them side by side in a box, put in the right, at the right time, by another endless belt.

It is estimated that the nations of the civilized world use, in round numbers, three million matches a minute. Fifteen hundred billion is the enormous number for the entire year.

Edwin Shawn, Close Second to Mr. Swan, and Husband of the Noted Dancer, Ruth St. Denis.



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